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LARRIMER & WARD.

## THE VOLUNTEER.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

We were encamped before Monterey.—The night was far advanced. Stretched at full length before the camp fire, I was endeavoring to snatch a short repose to prepare me for the assault which was to take place at day break.

The attempt was useless; slumber gave the "cold shoulder," and I found myself wide awake, intently observing my captain, who occupied the other side of the fire.

He was sitting on an old box, wrapped in his cloak, and gazing among the smoldering embers with an expression of countenance so intensely mournful that my sympathy was at once irresistibly drawn towards him.

His face was of a sallow paleness contrasting strongly with his jetty hair and eyes. His beard had been suffered to grow for a week unchecked by the edge of a razor, and his exuberance increased his haggard look.

Captain Archer was a mystery to the whole regiment. Young, finely formed, endowed by nature with a face of classic beauty, he seemed born to enjoy every happiness; yet a constant, sad melancholy pervaded by the remembrance of some never-to-be-forgotten grief. He made no one companion; studiously avoided all intercourse with his brother officers; seldom spoke, unless it was on duty. The life he led was one of extreme isolation.

Notwithstanding the solitary habits of Archer, he was respected by all his brother officers, for he was brave to rashness on the battle field, and treated all who approached him with a gentle manly courtesy.

Being his first Lieutenant, I was slightly exempted from the formal manner which he adopted towards others, our duty bringing us in constant contact. I never had intruded upon his sorrow with my exiguous questioning; he felt and appreciated the delicacy, and though he spoke not his thanks, his eyes expressed them. Having secured his good opinion, I was careful enough to retain it.

Having nothing better to do, I lay with my eyes riveted upon his face, while my imagination ran riot in speculation over his history.

As I gazed a deep sigh issued from his lips, and a shudder ran through his abstraction. Our eyes met; he studied my countenance for a moment, as if intent on reading my thoughts. He seemed satisfied with the scrutiny, for he said immediately with a constant tinge of melancholy which ever accompanied his voice.

"You are not asleep, Lieut. George?"

"No, Captain."

"What prevents you from sleeping—

anxiety for the morrow?"

"Possibly that may be one of the causes I replied."

"A dangerous duty is assigned our regiment."

"Might I inquire what it is?"

"Certainly. Do you see yonder tall building looming above the heights of Monterey, through the darkness?"

"You mean the Bishop's Castle?"

"Yes—that is to be our place of attack. We storm it at daybreak."

"It is a dangerous undertaking."

"True, Lieutenant—we have the honor of being selected for a 'forlorn hope.'"

"You understand the term; we shall march to almost certain death—we shall find a grave beneath those walls. I shall at least meet the death I have so often sought in vain."

"Sought, Captain?" I repeated in astonishment, gazing in his face, which wore a look of calm resignation.

"You are surprised that I should wish to die," he continued in the same mournful strain. "It excites your wonder that one so young as I am—for I am twenty-five—should have grown weary of life."

"Ah! my friend, the heart may grow aged in a day, and when such is the case, the young frame that enshrines it cannot reconcile it to the world."

"You have met with some bitter disappointment," I suggested, "which long brooding over has tainted your mind."

"Banish it from your recollection. Happiness is yet within your reach if you will but strive to obtain it."

"Alas! my friend," he cried, "you know not what I have lost. You would fain administer comfort to me, but you know not the extent of the wound you would probe. I feel that to-morrow will bring the crisis of my fate. We can neither of us sleep; if you will have patience to listen, I will recount to you and if you ever return to my native soil, you can tell my friends my story and fate."

I expressed my willingness to listen, and Archer proceeded at once:

"I am a native of Boston, my profession is that of a lawyer, yet I had no necessity to practice it, for I was left an orphan at twenty, with an ample fortune."

"I did not fall into the course of dissipation, common to young men left their own master at an early age. Reared in the path of honor and integrity by a wise father, I remembered and treasured his counsels long after the lips that uttered them were crumbling into dust."

"The old lawyer, under whom I studied, had a niece, she was the heiress of a fine estate, which was unjustly held from her by a male relative. Her uncle had given her a house, and instituted a suit to recover her property."

"Delia Hallet was seventeen when I first beheld her, and I thought the loveliest of her sex. I will not attempt to describe the charms which made me her slave; suffice it to say, I loved her with my whole being."

"I sought every opportunity of securing her society, and our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. My love was told and accepted. Delia promised to be my wife on one condition, and that was, if she gained her lawsuit, as her fortune would then nearly equal my own."

"I endeavored in vain to combat this resolution. She was firm against all my entreaties, she acknowledged her love for me; but in the same breath told me I should never call her mine so long as she remained a beggar."

"I left her with the determination to exert all my energies in her cause. Animated with this idea, I at once offered my services to her guardian; they were joyfully accepted. We labored together. The trial day came—the case was severely contested—the result gave us a decided victory. I bore the news of our success of Delia."

"I have no thanks to speak," she said, laying her hand in mine, "this is your reward."

The wedding day was fixed. With what joy I awaited the approach of this eventful period. Time passed on slowly enough to my eager anticipation. The eve of the day came. I was sitting in my office, when a servant brought me the alarming intelligence that Delia had disappeared, no one knew whither. At the same time he placed in my hand a note addressed to me, in her well known hand-writing:

"EDWARD—Forgive me for having so long deceived you. I never loved you. I am about to elope with him who alone possesses my heart. Pardon her whom you have so often called your DELIA."

I sat in my chair in a state of stupor, holding the fatal paper firmly clenched in my hand, while the moments passed by unheeded. Heaven only knows how long I should have remained thus if I had not been disturbed by the entrance of her guardian.

He noticed my distraction, at once, and inquired the cause. I gave him the letter silently. I could not speak, my heart was in my throat, and choked my utterance. Could I have wept I should have been relieved.

He read the note; as he did so, the greatest astonishment was depicted on his face. When he had finished, he exclaimed—

"It is impossible, she never would have acted thus."

"Is not this her hand writing?" gasped I.

He scrutinized the note, word for word, and his countenance fell as he replied—

"It is very like."

"You cannot deny it."

"The resemblance is very great, yet let us not be too hasty. Edward, I will hasten home and ascertain the truth; wait until I return."

He was gone. I had no intention of awaiting his return. The demon of despair was in my soul, and I could not bear to look on familiar things. I wrote a line to my tutor, leaving my property to his charge, and gathering up what money I had in the office, I hurried away.

That afternoon I took the cars for New-York. On my arrival there, I found the city filled with volunteers for the army in Mexico. I joined them and obtained a captain's commission.

I have little more to tell. Since then I have led a soldier's life. I have counted death in many a fray, and escaped without a wound. I cannot drive the image of her whom I so fondly loved, and who so basely deceived me, from my mind. She has been the cause of the everlasting grief that consumes me. Something tells me that to-morrow my heart will be at rest."

He ceased speaking, wrapped his cloak close about him, and laid down to sleep. I became absorbed in a train of thoughts, as I reflected over his singular history, but before I could come to any definite conclusion, slumber surprised me.

Day was just breaking as I awoke from my nap. I had been dreaming. I thought I had discovered the runaway Delia—restored her to the arms of the distracted Archer, and was receiving their grateful thanks, when, opening my eyes, I discovered a young lad shaking me by the shoulder.

I sprang to my feet and asked him what he wanted. He was an affectionate-looking little fellow with curly brown hair, and the prettiest blue eyes I ever saw. His forehead looked careworn, and there was an expression of deep sorrow upon his youthful face.

"Where is Captain Archer?" he asked in answer to my interrogation.

"Yonder," I replied, pointing with my sword, towards the "forlorn hope" which was forming for the attack.

"Can I speak to him?" he enquired.

"Before I could answer the word was given to advance."

"After the battle," I cried, as I hurried forward to take my place in the advancing column.

"That will be too late," I heard him scream as he hurried away.

The assault was over. The remnant of the "forlorn hope" was gathered around a table in the castle of the Bishop, which was covered with flasks of generous wine. Archer and myself were the only surviving officers. By my side stood the boy, who

had sealed the walls after me, and passed through the iron hall stern of war unscratched. Archer and myself had fought side by side, and the courageous little fellow had closely followed our footsteps.

The boy was intently gazing upon Archer's face, as if desirous of attracting his attention. Supposing he wished to be praised for his bravery, I turned to Archer and said—

"Captain Archer you have not yet noticed our young volunteer."

My words had aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen; he raised his eyes and looked towards the lad. The moment their eyes met, he sprang wildly to his feet exclaiming—

"Edward!"

"Edward" was the reply, and they were locked in each other's arms. He did not pause to question her truth—he asked no explanations. All was forgotten in the joy of reunion. I was made acquainted with all afterwards. The mystery was easily solved. The note had been forged by the relative who had just lost the suit, and he had abducted Delia, and conveyed her to a country house, to give color to the fabrication. He did this to revenge himself for the loss of his property.

Delia succeeded in making her escape and returned home. Her guardian informed her of the departure of Archer, and the cause. She determined to follow him and convince him of the truth. She made her preparations secretly, and left home in male attire.

In New York she had discovered that Archer had joined the army in Mexico.—Nothing daunted at the length of the journey, she secured a passage and sailed the next day. After many perils and hardships, her devotion was rewarded by finding Archer at Monterey.

Archer had prophesied right when he said "this heart should beat rest" that day. That face which had been so long a stranger to a smile, became radiant with them. Determined not to be deprived of his bride a second time, as soon as his duty would permit, he summoned in a priest, and I acting the part of a father, placed the hand of Delia within his own, and gave him a jewel of a wife.

She bore her husband company through the remainder of the campaign, and when the war was over, returned to Boston.

The relative who had made himself so busy in concocting the villainy, had evaded the punishment by flight. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Archer and his wife, they were enjoying the happiness they so richly deserved. May it know no abatement.

[Written for the Weekly Novelties.]

ENCOUNTER WITH WILD BEASTS.

"Speaking of Woodchucks," said Fred Bunch, as with a succession of rapid pokes of the forefinger he settled the half-consumed tobacco in the bowl of his pipe,

"speaking of woodchucks, puts me in mind of a little scrape I had one day last summer—though it wasn't with a chuck either, but with another kind of animal, and that we all saw when it comes within half a mile of us."

You see, me and Cobe Freeman, and another fellow, took our shootin' irons one afternoon, and started out to see if we couldn't scare up something. We hadn't got more'n half a mile from the village, when, as we were passing through a little piece of woods, up flew a partridge and scooted right away before us. I brought old Killdick to my shoulder, to let drive at her; but Cobe was right square in my range, so that I couldn't fire without shootin' him; and as I didn't care to do that just then, I waited, expectin' to see him peck away at her; but, for some reason, he didn't fire, and the bird got away. It kind of run through my top piece that he should fire her again, over beyond a hill to the right of us; but Cobe and 'other fellow ran away with the notion that the other side of the little piece of woods was the likeliest place to find her. I didn't know but they might be right; so they started off through the piece of woods, while I travelled up over the hill. Gettin' to the top, about the first thing that my eye lighted on was something or other rolling, kicking, and squirming behind a clump of bushes. My first thought was, of course, to set back both hammers of my gun, and then to take a good look at the critter, whatever he might be. Having squinted away till I got a middling fair sight, I was pretty well satisfied with what it was, though it was nigh about a hundred rods from me. Says I to myself, says I, as I let down both hammers, that's nothing but old Cobe Freeman's dog, rolling the flees out of his hide. So I travelled along, kind of easy, like, so's not to frighten anything, and peeking round all the time in search of the bird. Well, I tramped back and forth a bit, without seeing any thing, all the time walking towards this clump of bushes, till I'd got within about a dozen or fifteen rods, when happening to lift my eyes, I saw this same thing rolling, kicking, and squirming, like it was when I first saw it.

Well, there, says I, stark amazed, if that's Cobe Freeman's dog, it's got a skunk's tail on it any how, for the tail was about all I could see for the bushes.

"Cooking my gun again I waited just where I was, not caring to go nearer, because a skunk, you know, is just a little more powerful than a lion, and I had my best clothes on. Taking a kind of circuit for a better view, I got a fair sight of the critter, and sure enough, I was right. Not only was there a skunk's tail, but a skunk's body at the upper end of it; and five or six pretty well grown pups were playing and capering all around it. Now I s'pose that you are aware that these critters know their strength, and won't run from anybody. They saw me just about as quick as I saw them, and they squared for me. With their heads and tails up, and their spotted black and white sides

shining in the sun, they looked about as poety as ever you see. I was kind o' bothered for a minute, not knowing exactly what to do; for you see I had nothin' but No. six shot, which wouldn't do much to a four footed quadruped at that distance; and I was sort o' scared to go up nigher. After waiting and looking round a spell, I made up my mind. Says I, I'm sure to see 'em if I stand here gazing round all day, and with that I fetched old Killdick up to a sight, and let slip one barrel; and you may spit on me if it didn't curl every ghost of 'em over on their backs, where they lay kickin' good for about a minute. I knowed the small bird shot that I had put into their carcasses wasn't enough to hurt 'em much, so I stood ready with 'other barrel, waitin' to see 'em critter. In about a minute the old she critter got upon her pins, and began to nose over the young ones for a start to their burrow.

"Now for 'em, says I, and let drive 'other barrel. But though it made 'em squirm, it didn't stop 'em; and they began to put for their holes. Now I wasn't right sure what to do, for I s'pose you know those critters are furnished with a quantity of all-fired smart perfume, which they can take on the end of their tails and flit a good distance. I didn't like to run up and get 'em with the stock of my gun, for fear of my new clothes, and I thought I hadn't time to load again; so I set up a growl rear for Cobe and the 'other chap, who, I sh't'wore on the other side of the piece of woods. Well, I roared and the critters run, till at last Cobe made his appearance through the piece of woods, all out of breath, with his gun cocked.

"There they go, Cobe give 'em fits, I screamed.

"Cobe saw 'em about as quick as I spoke and put after 'em."

"Knock over the old she one, and that'll stop the rest, I shouted.

"All right, I'll tend to their case," said Cobe, putting it through the grass like mad.

"Well, he got on such a gait that in a trifle less than no time he was up so close that he could have knocked one of 'em over with the muzzle of his gun."

"Here goes, sung out Cobe, bringing up his gun for a sight, and pulling trigger at the same time.

"I made sure to see something done, then; but Cobe being so excited, and so all-fired sure of his mark, didn't half take sight, and his only chance for her carried a single barrel—went right square into the hill side, and never touched a skunk. You may be sure I went like a mad jack-in a burning barn, when I saw that. Notin' was had enough for me to call that thimberin Cobe Freeman; and I don't know but what we might have picked up a very nice sort of fight, if the other chap hadn't come up at just that minute, all of a shiver at the row that was going on."

"He see the critters makin' up the hill, and started after 'em. Now, I sort o' had an idea that he wouldn't do any thing, so I sings out after him; says I, give us that gun. But he kept staring right ahead, not so much as looking behind. So I sings out again; says I, you thunderin' complicated darn fool, give us that gun; you'll be sure to miss, 'em, you will. With that he slacked up a bit; as much as any thing I s'pose, because he began to smell what sort of game it was. I grabbed his shootin' stick and put after the critters like a quarter horse. Gettin' within good range, I let drive and dropped the old she one right in her tracks; but the young cubs instead of stoppin' by her, kept right along for the burrow. Sooner as we see that, me and Cobe, and 'other fellow, dove at them through the long grass, at a great race, knocking over first one and then another, till just as I fetched the last one a clip, I caught my toe in the grass, and came down wheel on my face. Now, in the hurry and excitement, none of us had noticed that the long grass in the track of the critters was as wet as a soap; but the minute I pitched my frontpiece into the ground, I took in the whole sense of the thing. Jumping on to my brogans in about four ticks less'n no time, I took a retrospective view of our route. There was our whole track for a dozen rods, as wet as dew; Cobe and 'other fellow, wet to their knees, and holden their noses, and the air all around us as blue as a pigeon's back. But I was worse'n any of 'em, for I was just soaked through on my front side, from my brogans to my forelock. It says somewhere in the Scripture, that dead flies causeth the ointment of the apothecary to behave itself shockingly. But, good Jove, dead flies couldn't hold a candle to what rose up to our noses; it was inhuman, awful.

"Soon as I could get my breath we started off for the pond, about half a mile from there, making good time, now, I tell ye, it must have been a queer sight, to see three great strapping he fellows, grabbing their noses in their claws, and puttin' it full tilt, down the road, as though the old scratch, or some other justice of the peace was after them."

Gettin' to the edge of the pond, I pulled off my wardrobe just about as quick as most any body could, and dove into the drink. As for Cobe and 'other fellow—'not being wet above the knees—they had only to get off their shoes and stockings, cut off their breeches legs just above the knees, take a good wash, and they were all right and tight, or would have been, had knee breeches been in fashion at that time. We then turned to, and dug a big hole into which we put all my tailoring, and their shoes and stockings, and covered 'em up. All was right enough, so far; but the next question was, what was to be done with me? I couldn't go back home; for having been soaked through, hair and all, I was still pretty considerably powerful; and what was worse, I had nothin' in the world on but the tight fittin' jacket that nature cut and doped for me, which people who saw me on the road, and

go in' into the village might consider too thin for the season, and perhaps occasion remarks. There was but one thing that could be done; and that was for Cobe and 'other fellow to go back home and get me some soap and towels, and a new set of harness, while I amused myself where I was. So they started off with their bare legs and feet spitting through the sand, while I, not carin' to be wanderin' round in the bushes like another Adam, just walked myself into the pond. It was a rather shallow piece of water, so that I must have got fifteen or twenty rods from the shore before it was up to my chin, and there I stood ruminatin'. The place was full of blood suckers and leeches, and I expected nothin' but what they would fasten themselves all over me, as they had done many times before, when I had been in after lilacs. But no; not a single sucker or leech within a yard of me. The mud turtles too, that were laying round in droves, sunning themselves on the rails and stumps, ran out their necks and looked at me contemptuously for a minute, then turned up their noses and slid off into the water. I couldn't find fault with the poor critters for being disgusted with me; for two cents I would have laid down and hated myself to death.

"It might have been half an hour or so, after the boys left me, that I heard somebody come down the hill to ward the pond, and as they clawed their way through the bushes and came out upon the bank, I saw it was a feller and two or three gals from the picnic that was going on in the grove."

"Now, then, says I to myself, says I, if I keep quiet just where I be, the chances are they won't see me, or if they do, will take my head for a stump, and I shant be the first good feller that has been taken for a wooden head. So I stood stock-still, facin' 'em. They played round a good spell without taking any notice, and I began to think they would go off without seeing me, but all at once one of the gals let just one of the awfulest squeals out of her that ever you heard."

"O, Lord, what's that, she screamed.

"What's that? exclaimed all the others looking in every place but the right one."

"There, she whimpered, pointing at me with a hand that shook like a poplar leaf."

"Good gracious, it's a man's head, I heard the fellow whisper, in a voice that showed he was a good deal taken aback."

"I never moved a twig, and for several minutes they stood gape at me with eyes as large as lung holes. Probably they thought I was some chap that had been drowned, and come up to the surface head foremost, or else that my head was stuck on a pole. Beginnig to get rather tired at being stared at so long for nothin', I went to work, and without moving an inch from where I was, began crossing my eyes, running out my tongue, and screwing up my face into the awfulest condemned looking shapes that ever was heard of. Mighty gracious! you should have heard the yells and howls those girls let off; as they tore up the side of that hill with the feller after 'em, to take care of 'em, I s'pose he said, but if that feller was not a badly scared chap, then his face was a liar, that's all."

"I'm well rid of your company any how, said I to myself, and feeling kind o' water soaked I waded out of the pond, and having walked round a bit to stretch my legs, picked up a fist full of pebbles, and walked back to my old quarters, and began to pelt the green-coated bull frogs that were croaking at me from the bank. While I was spanking away at 'em as busy as a bee, and thinking it was about time for the boys to get back, I heard a tremendous cackling and gabbling in the woods, and the next minute two or three hundred men and women, fillers and gals, boys and little darlings; the whole picnic party, in fact, came pouring down the hill to the side of the pond. I hadn't calculated on t'is, and wasn't right sure what to do, any way, so I did nothing at all, but just stand right where I was and look at 'em."

"There it is, there it is, don't you believe it now? lawd! the feller that had been frightened a y."

"O, why, singular! remarkable! astonishing! ejaculated everybody, crowding up to the side of the pond for a good sight, and there they stood, two or three hundred pair of eyes staring at my head, and me staring back at them."

"It's alive, suddenly screamed one of the gals, pointing right square at me; it's alive—I can see it wink."

"Why, so it does, said everybody else, and all hands yelled out—what ye doin' there?"

"Now, I didn't consider that it was any of their business what I was doing, and so made no reply whatever."

"In my opinion it's all a humbug, said one of the fellows. I'll soon make him speak, and taking a gun he pointed it at my head."

"Put that gun down, you 'bominable, taring down fool; don't you know any better than to be pointing guns at fellows? I shouted, for I thought this was coming it ather strong."

"Well, what ye doing there? he asked, as pert as if he had a right to know."

"None of your thundering business, what I'm doing here, said I."

"All hands set up a great laugh to think how they had been sold, and looked rather sheepish than otherwise, especially my first discoverers. I supposed they would go off now, that they had found out what I was, but they kept lingering round, wanting to see the end of the matter."

"This didn't suit me pretty well, for I had been looked at just about as long as it was pleasant, so I sung out, says I, Look here folks, I want you to understand that I am just as naked as a peeled apple, and I'm coming on shore, I am, and I began to wade towards the bank. At that, all the women, gals, and little darlings set up

an everlasting squalling, and squalling, and hooked it up the hill, like forty, most of the fellows following them. A few chaps kept hanging about, however, rather poking fun at me. I was naturally a little riled at this, and wading up to the chap with the gun, Get out o' this, said I.

"Who are you, that's going to make me leave? said he."

"I don't know, I'm sure, said I, and grabbing him by the hair of the head, and the collar of his breeches, I pitched him, gun and all, about six foot into the pond. The rest of them didn't tarry any great length of time."

"In about two minutes Cobe and 'other fellow were in sight with my traps; and having rubbed myself down with a bar of soap and a dozen coarse towels, I put on my dry harness and left for home."

"I haven't hunted that sort of wild beast since, and I ain't goin' to."

**WATER PROOF PAPER.**—Paper intended for packages may be made water-proof, indeed fire-proof and parchment strong, by the following simple process, recently announced by Professor Buschamp, of Wurtemberg.—Take twenty four ounces of alum, and four ounces of white soap, and dissolve them in two pounds of water; into another vessel dissolve two ounces of gum arabic and six ounces of glue in the same quantity of water as the former, and add the two solutions together, which is now to be kept warm, and the paper intended to be water proof dipped into it, passed between rollers and dried; or without the use of rollers, the paper may be suspended until it is perfectly dripped and dried. The alum, soap, glue and gum, form a kind of artificial leather, which protects the surface of the paper from the action of water, and also renders it somewhat fire-proof.

**AN EPIDEMIC DISEASE.**—partaking of the character of typhoid, is prevailing among the students at the University of Va., at Charlottesville. A large number had been attacked, several had died, and the students were fast returning home in alarm. The board of visitors were, at the last advice, deliberating upon the propriety of suspending the collegiate exercises. The disease is supposed to have originated from the confined and ill-ventilated dormitories in which the students sleep, and which have been unusually crowded in consequence of the large number in attendance this winter. The subject has already been brought before the Virginia Legislature, and an appropriation of \$25,000 is proposed to provide for the enlargement and improvement of the dormitories.

**A RAILROAD INCIDENT.**—Conductor Woodal, of the Little Miami (Ohio) Railroad, noticed a young girl in his train going east, and came to collect her fare. He observed she had but four dollars, although she was going to New York, as he said. He became interested in her learned that she lived in New York, but came west to work, but had taken sick. This story was told so candidly that the conductor, who had watched the narrator closely, could not doubt its truth.

"If that is the case, I cannot take your money," he said.

"Indeed, sir, it is true."

"Then take your money back," he said, and he passed along.

Through with his collection, he related the circumstance to a couple of gentleman passengers, and proposed to head a subscription if they would go through the train and take a collection for the girl.

The gentleman readily agreed to this, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of handing to the girl some seventeen dollars.

She knew nothing of the movement until she received the money, when her feelings gave vent in copious tears. None doubted her honesty.

But Woodal was not satisfied. Before she left the train he gave her a memorandum setting forth the route she should take, and a card, which he requested her to use instead of tickets. On the card was written the following:

"To my brother Conductors—I have passed this worthy young lady on my train to Columbus. A collection was taken up for and seventeen dollars placed in her hands by the passengers. For God's sake don't take a cent of it."

Woodal.

This, no doubt, enabled her to reach home safely and with money in her purse.

**SINGULAR PROOF OF ATTACHMENT.**—A few days ago, a woman who cohabited with a man, cut off his fore-finger while he was asleep. She placed the finger upon a stone, and applying the knife, struck it with another stone, severing the finger, which hung only by a piece of the skin.—The man subsequently received surgical treatment at the North dispensary, but is maimed for life. It appears that the man threatened to enlist in the army, and the woman for the strong affection she bore for him, committed the act in order that he might not carry out his intention, which would result in their separation.

**GOOD GIRL.**—A fire occurred in Newport R. I., recently, at which the hose burst, and there was a cry for something to bind it. A lady who was near promptly offered one of her skirts, and the